BRIGHT 'N' EARLY 54

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EDITORIAL

Have you ever missed a meal? You probably have at some time in your life, especially if you happen to be a girl, but did this ever go on for days at a time? I think not.

There are people starving. Not just adults who, perhaps, are able to fend for themselves, but there are children in the terrible agony of starvation. Children so young they do not even know they are starving, they only know they feel constant pain in that you are withholding aid that you are in a position to give. You prolong their misery.

Starvation is not an immediate suffering, it requires time to kill. A child feels hungry, she experiences acute pain, dull, she loses weight, her arms and legs become thin, weak, her digestive juices have nothing to act upon and cease to function, her stomach swells, and now any food she may get is useless because she is unable to digest it. Her brown skin is stretched over her tiny bones and you didn't have time to think of her today.

She is lying in a cot crying with pain, but that is miles away and you can't hear her. Your conscience is clear. Is it?

Malnutrition is an ally of starvation, but this is more subtle, it takes longer to work around to Death. Malnutrition maims first, then it kills. A child may be fed, but rice, or yams, or sago is no a good diet for growing children. She grows, but not like you or I, strong and healthy, her legs are weak and twisted, her arms subject to weeping ulcers, her eyes see but through the haze of glaucoma, but she's miles away, so your corscience is clear. God help you.

Give generously to the Save the Children Fund and thank God you are not starving.

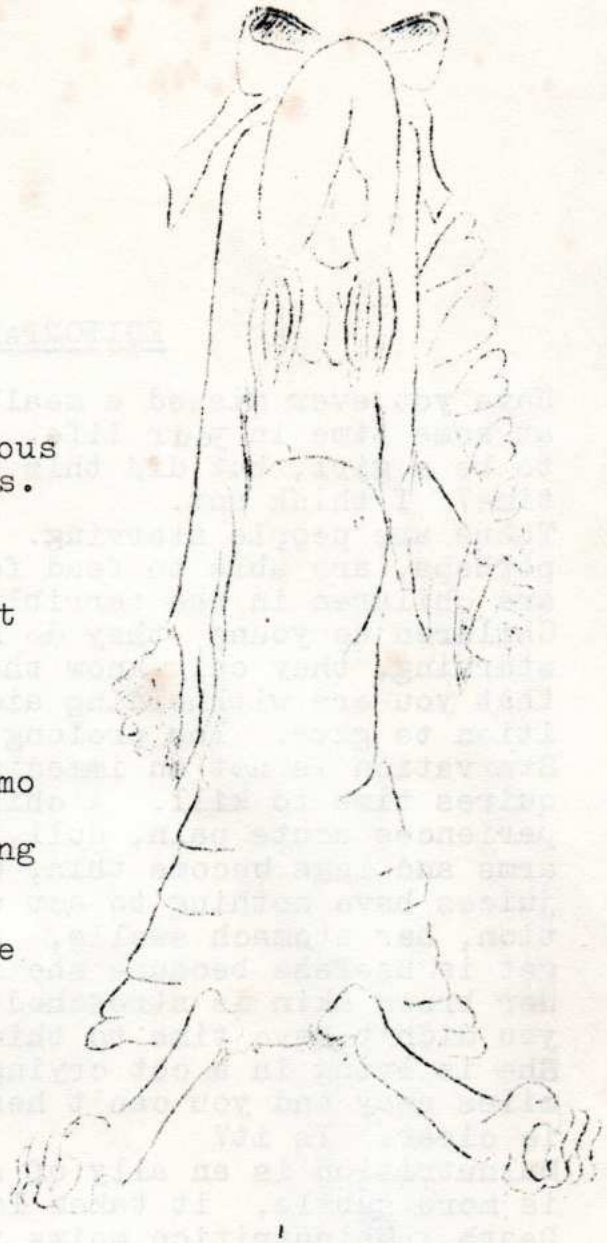
The extra money from the increased price of this newspaper will be donated to the Save the Children Fund.

EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

I perceive that my previous epistle was in vain. Your last edition of the alleged School Newspaper was, to be quite frank, cataclysmically abortionate. The articles are exquisitely superfluous and poorly wtitten. The poetry is distinctly pernicious, the subjects in poor taste. Staff and our noble Prefect leaders continue to be degraded and their station debased by the almost libellous publication of their sordid histories. Python's Page is decinitely for the lower mental standard beings. It is interesting to note the developement of Thomas. He is now becoming almost literate hardly good enough for a Secondary School literary endevour, however. Heart - Balm might soothe the hears of some misguides but never the brain of an intelligent homo sapien, in short, leave it out. The covers, although technically improving have lowered themselves in subject matter. I hesitate to allow this letter to be printed on the same page as some of the previous efforts, in case I may be associated with their perpetrators. I noted with lack of humor the misspelling of my nomde plume. This typifies the work of unintelligent typists. Now I hear a rumour that the price is to be increased to 5¢. I will be forced to do all in my power to prevent this happening to save lesser beings from these undesirable traits.

High Minded Member of the Intelligensia.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

D.Miller

HEART-BALM

B. Munn

Dear Heart Balm,

O me miserum! You must help me before it is too late. You see I'm deeply in love with my Latin teacher but he doesn't even know that I exist. Every night I spend hours on my Latin homework so that he will see how dedicated I am, but he still ignores me. Do you think that I ought to do something drastic, like swallowing fire or committing suicide, or something?

Virtous Venus.

Dear Venus,

Do not despair.. "Amor vincit omnia".

Dear Heart Balm,

I'm so upset I don't know what to do. I'm an outcast from society. All my friends are nonconformists except me. How can I get them to accept me? I've tried everything but I just can't be different. Would you please advise me?

Calamity Jane.

Dear Jane,

Your friends are typical of modern youth. In their mad desire for individuality they have only succeeded in conforming to a different pattern of behavior and become stereotypes instead. Don't worry about conforming, instead attempt to preserve yourself as an individual.

OF GHOSTS & GHOULS & GORGEOUS GIRLS

A ghost wandering by my way today.
She came from out of the past.
A time I'd prefer to forget.
She brought memories of orrows, of joys,
of silence, of noise.
Thoughts of times gone by when she and I
were as one connected, fused, joined in love.
We knew not of the world around, nor cared for it.
We lived in moonlight, soft, disguising, undefining edges,
softening fault and imperfections hammered face,
Tolerating by non-disclosure our differences and feelings,
Carpeting our mortality with silver cloak till each was perfection
to the other.
But day must follow night and with it comes truth's high priest,
The sun's searing doctrines to etch, with no compassion,
Understanding, love or hate, man's inestimable worth in
Blocks of purest prejudice, - Eve of Adam, who when knowing not
Man's faults is tolerant of them, but when knowing not
The moonly silvered conception is shown,
shrivelled, base, unfit for woman's high degree.
She will find another in the moonlight, soft, disguising,
Undefining edges, with cloak of silvery protection....
Till comes the day to sweep away.....

A ghoul came striding by today,
She sought her prince royal.
I saw her etched by the sun's searing ray
Against a victim of her search today.

D. Miller

-oOo-

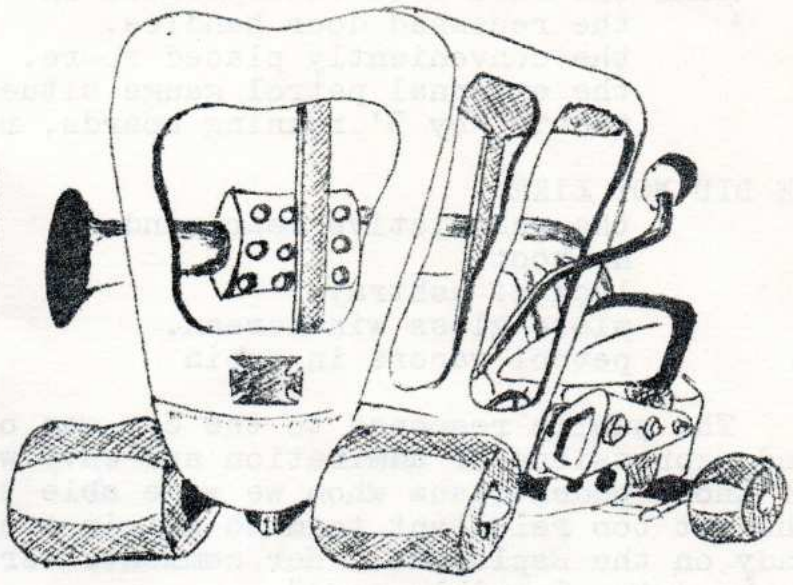
STOP A MOMENT YOUTH

Stop a moment youth,
Stay and speak to me,
Tell me of your love,
How fair is she? How sweet?
Her hair, auburn, or golden
As the hay in summer day.
Tell me, of her kiss, sweet as sparkling
Wine, tender as touch and summer breeze.
Is she rough of gentle?
Kind or cruel?
Stop a moment youth,
Stay and speak to me,
Tell me of your love.

A. Polis

-oOo-

ROAD TEST



M. Mentiplay

TEST CAR: 1926 Dodge Tourer OWNER/DRIVER: Philip Cheeseman

On Friday May 31st. May the Bright'n Early Trial Team of Max Mentiplay and Darryl Miller tested the slightly used '26 Dodge G.T. in overcast conditions and a slight westerly wind. The car was put through extensive testing and was still running after the thrashing of the testers.

The car displayed many interesting features, including foot and hand throttle, manual windscreen wipers, fog horn and a manually operated advance retard mechanism to ensure that the engine firing is correctly timed. This mechanism requires sensitive manipulation by a sensitive driver as any loss in the engine efficiency in this case means that the engine is incapable of functioning.

Apart from the bothersome lack of ashtrays the team found the car well appointed and extremely comfortable.
The system of cabin ventilation was found most effective but could become bothersome in the odd rain squall. This system of free-flow ventilation fulfils a secondary purpose by providing an ash ejection system from the cockpit and therefore overcoming the problem posed by the non-existence of ashtrays. The bench seats, front and rear, are wide, comfortable and upholstered in genuine black leather which blends well with the black vinyl soft top and black simulated iron dashboard. Floorboards of the G.T. are of scrubbed American Cedar and are covered in grey carpet to lessen the effects of shaft vibration.

The instrumentation is sparce but placed so as to give the passenger an unobstructed view of the ammeter, which reads 2 amperes when the car is at rest, a surprisly accurate strip speedo and adjustable odometer, an oil gauge and the ignition, lights and indicator console. The steering wheel shows extremely advanced design. It is wood rimmed and has alloy spokes.

WE LIKED the roll bars incorporated in the soft top.
the recessed door handles.
the conveniently placed spare.
the external petrol gauge situated on the petrol tank.
the 11" by 5' running boards, real stokey!

WE DID NOT LIKE
the restrictive rear window.
no boot.
lack of ashtrays
plate glass windscreen.
petrol vapors in cabin

The public response to the car was of interest to the testers and expressions of admiration and envy were evident on the faces of those pedestrians whom we were able to overtake. Phil. persuaded the not too reluctant team to obtain a candid opinion from a young lady on the Esplanade. Her comments were "A very good students car. Looks cute. Terribly good".
We also managed to stumble across Dr. Cheeseman, the owner's father who after saying a few words, namely "Solid vehicle, Well - er - well I like the technicolour tonings", sped off in a Datsun 1600 dropping rubber in first and second.

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE: 4 cylinder side valve
1 carburettor
CAPACITY: 3800 cc. 212 in.
TRANSMISSION: 3 speed crash box

CHASSIS:
Wheel base 4' 6"
Length 13'
Width 6'
Running boards 11" by 5'
Height 6'

CONSUMPTION: 18 m.p.g.
BRAKES:
Front none (stolen)
Rear 15" contraction drum
STEERING: lock to lock 2¼ rev.

TEST

ENGINE:
Starting instant
Response intermittent
Vibration negligible
Noise quiet compared to Ian Shorts?
DRIVE CHAIN:
Shift linkage slow and easy
Clutch action violent
Noise extreme in second
HANDLING: Steers like a rock
Directional control heavy but perfectly straight
Predictability good
BRAKES: pedal pressure fair
Response very poor
Hand brake better than most on today's cars.

PERFORMANCE

0 - 10 m.p.h. in first 9 sec.
in second 6 sec.
0 - 20 m.p.h. in first 20 sec.
in second 17 sec.
0 - 50 m.p.h. your kidding!
Standing ¼ mile 60 sec.
Top speed 39 m.p.h.
Hill climb up Wheatland Rd. 10 m.p.h. in second.

IN REVIEW

A. Polis
D. Hoskings

THE KAMA SUTRA OF VATSYAYANA

This controversial paperback on love and marriage is one of five texts written on the subject seventeen hundred years ago in India. Printed by the Griffin Press it has been released after being banned for many years by our most learned board of censorship.

Shocking a small portion of our staid and conformist society the book leaves little untouched, but however delicate the subject Mallanga, the author, has treated it with unoffensive candor endeavouring to uphold the originally virtuous ethical code of the Vatsyayana. A distorted version of the original manuscript was released in America and promptly forced out of circulation by hostile groups of public minded citizens anxious to keep such profound literature from the innocent children. The 'Kama Sutra' in its latest form should not offend any normally adjusted person. . Rather than a treatise on sex, 'Kama Sutra' is a sociological study of a section of the Indian society of seventeen hundred years ago . The sixty-four arts and sciences to be studied during one's life were meant to fulfill one's innermost ambitions and satisfy one's partners in life. These arts and sciences included; for the women, cooking, flower arrangement, makeup of hair, eyes, face and nails, the composition of plays, dances and poetry . Women have changed very little in seventeen hundred years. The men, then as now, devoted themselves to the mastering of practical skills and sciences to provide for their families . Study of these skills was undertaken by all members of the Vatsyayana society and was so comprehensive that they could not all be mastered in one lifetime.

The 'KamaSutra' is thus a fascinating treatise on civilized life. It is not a record of sexual corruption but an unobtrusive examination of the life and morals of an Indian society no more perverted or corrupted than our own modern society.

-ooOoo-

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

A taming the like of which has never before been seen. A shrewish wife tamed by her husband, or does the wife tame the husband? This you will have to determine for yourself, but I think that the

team of Shakespeare, Zeffirelli, Burton and Taylor have made themselves abundantly clear.

The story tells of two daughters of a wealthy Paduan, one Baptista by name, the elder is the tempestuous and shrewish Katherina, and the younger is the sweet, gentle Bianca. While Bianca has no lack of suitors, Katherina's fiery temperament has not attracted any suitable match even though Baptista has offered an attractive dowry to any suitor willing to take the shrew. Baptista therefore decrees that no-one may woo or marry young Bianca until a husband is found for fiery Katherina. A prospective husband who appears in the form of a proud, but poverty stricken gentleman from Verona, lusty Petruchio, who has come to "wive and thrive" in Padua, is persuaded by the not-too-bright Hortensio and the rich dowry to woo and win Katherina, mostly against the wench's wishes. How Petruchio, a wily, and robust lover woos, wins and then tames the shrewish Katherina is along with the battle of wits for Bianca's love, the heart of "The Taming Of The Shrew".

"The Shrew", starring Elizabeth Taylor as Katherina and Richard Burton as Petruchio, contains all the vitality and life of Renaissance Padua during the festivals. There is riotous comedy when Petruchio chases Katherina over the roof tops, romps in the wool bins and wrings from her consent to his proposal of marriage. We are then treated to the spectacle of a husband taming his wife while she proceeds subtly to bring this gaudy and unkempt oaf to heel with feminine wile and cunning. On the wedding night we experience the pathos of newly-weds unsure of each other, shy and befuddled. The reversal of temperament is handled extremely well by two actors who have repeatedly shown that they are a superb team.

Burton as Petruchio, a manly man, initially devoid of humility and compassion, who is adventurous, uncouth, and lacking in scruples as well as money, is brilliantly contrasted with three other actors to emphasise his dubious qualities and characteristics, and appear the superman necessary to change the tempestuous Katherina from the shrew to the obedient wife aware of her place. These three are a student from Pisa, Lucentio, played by Michael York, who is young, innocent and awestruck by the beauty of Katherina's younger sister, an elderly gentleman of some standing, Gremio, played by Alan Webb, who is in his dotage and also somewhat impressed by Bianca's beauty, and a fop, Hortensio, played by Victor Spinetti, whose dull-witted nature, elegant and extravagant dress, feminine manner and horribly boyish face brings voluminous mirth from the delighted audience.

It is refreshing to find that a screenplay is based almost entirely on the original Shakespeare and not butchered by incompetant scriptwriters. Instead Paul Dehn and Suso D'Amico have worked with the play and the result is a film combining the verstility of the screen with the literary quality of Shakespeare.

-oOo-

ALL HAIL THE OLD SCHOLARS!

Students, don't be alarmed if, when passing the school oval on a Saturday afternoon, you see the school colours engaged in further foot-debauchery. No, it won't be Chalky's craftsmen tantalising the opposition with football delicacies, it will most certainly be that intrepid band of mirth-makers - the Old Scholars. Amidst a blaze of publicity and controversy the Oldies have carved out a place for themselves in football history. The football sooth-sayers have offered varying explanations for the Oldies' formidable string of successes.

Keith Butler (Advertiser)...."I think the reason for B.H.O.S. success lies in their sneaky game. The two reserves crowd the opposition's forward lines very effectively".

Lawrie Jervis (News)....."Undoubtedly the unscrupulous little boundary chappie and their cross-eyed goal umpire."

Gordon Schwartz (Channel 7)....."Possibly the humourous little ditties thay sing throughout the game."

Noel Teasdale (Channel 9)....."In my opinion the 'no-training' policy of the B.H.O.S. hierarchy contributes substantially to their success. This makes them hungry for the ball".

Neil Kerley (Channel 7)....."I agree with Noel. I believe the Old Scholars consume an average of two balls a match."

Just think of it, the Old Scholars were once normal down-to-earth corker cobbers, now they have the football spotlight upon them. Their private lives are exposed to the public and severe demands are made on their time. Crowds flock th their matches and young girls throw themselves at their feet. But this hasn't changed the lads much. They still have cheese and vegemite sandwiches for lunch and go to the toilet three times a day. They will stop and chat to their cobbers in the street. Yes, these are a truly great bunch of fellows.

All hail the Old Scholars!

The personnel of the Old Scholars reads like a who's - who in South Australian football. There are some who say the State team would have given a much better display in Melbourne had a few Oldies been included.

Our two law-students, Ian Bidmeade and David Munt, are invaluable at Tribunals with their vast knowledge, quick repartee and unscrupulous lying.

Peter Bowden, our rucking geologist, spends every Saturday morning studying the Oval turf and terrain. His report is very informative and we adapt our game accordingly.

Paul Lavender, a medical student, is our first-aid man. Paul can be distinguised on the field by his white dissecting coat and scalpel. Some say Paul went a little too far when he amputated Arthur Porter's leg. It was thought that alternative treatment for Arth's sprig marks could have been tried first.

Mick Copley, a Glenelg life-saver, has proved himself invaluable in the wet conditions. Already Mick has rescued five B.H.O.S.players from treacherous waters.

Both Arthur Porter (Treasurer) and Doug Golley (Captian) from the Bereau of Census and Statistics, are valuable to the team an statisticians. At any time during the match either Doug or Arth can tell

you, as quick as a flash, exactly how many players the Scholars have got on the field.

There is no truth in the rumour that Paul Manuel (Secretary) is returning to Brighton High next year. What rubbish: It's Plympton High!

Kim McBride has proved that you're never too young to be an old scholar.

Denis Fry likes his mongrel blue track suit and a certain girl prefect. Chris Harvey likes Rosemary Sheppard and Phil McMahon likes "Opus". Div Jenkins likes Collingwood's Twomey brothers and Warwick Bowden doesn't like being a reserve.

Alan Gulliver can be contacted any time during the week in the Lands Dept. Canteen.

Well, there's just a few of the Old Scholars talented line-up. We realize that it is now the ambition of every talented young school footballer to one-day pull on an Oldies jumper. Practice hard lads, and one day this dream may become a reality. You must work hard towards your goal and indulge in severe self-discipline, as certain rules must be rigidly adhered to. Any player seen running, showing undue haste or indulging in activities which might strengthen his leg muscles shall be deemed a "fit player" and immediately excluded from selection. The same applies to any player seen eating good healthy food or getting enough sleep. They will be also deemed 'fit' and punished assordingly.

Well lads, do you think you have what it takes - supernatural football ability, iron disciplene and a flexible conscience?

Remember, only one or two of you are going to be good enough to make the grade, but do not despair. Think what you are striving for: a place with football's elite, to become an Old Scholar.

Oh to be an Old Scholar! All the world loves an Old Scholar!

All hail the Old Scholars!

By Paul Manuel

PYTHON'S PAGE

S. Coombe
P. Dorman

Here is the official Bright'n Early TOP TEN for the week ending 14th June. Every number is new to the chart and the Master's Apprentices are surprisingly number one. Local "group" the Maniac Depression, made a strong bid with their latest, "Equals Fourteen" the follow - up to "seven and seven", but as it is unlikely to be composed, recorded or released, was considered unworthy of inclusion.

1. Brigette - Masters Apprentices
2. The Good, The Bad and The Ugly - Hugo Montenegro and his Orchestra
3. Lazy Sunday - Small Faces
4. Always - Twilights
5. Jumpin' Jack Flash - Rolling Stones
6. Love Machine - Pastoral Symphony
7. Bring a Little Lovin' - Los Bravos
8. Dock of The Bay - Otis Redding
9. Regent St. - League of Gentlemen
10. Jumbo/ The Singer Sang His Song - Bee Gees

HIT PICK OF THE WEEK THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU - HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS

RECORD REVIEW

A record is classified as follows.
**** - outstanding; *** - good; ** - Mediocre ; * poor

JUMPIN' JACK FLASH - THE ROLLING STONES -****

This long - awaited disc is the big record in England at the moment. Typical Stones material; with Mick Jagger's voice more prominent than on recent numbers and featuring their old driving beat. Guitars provide the man backing with a strong bass pattern evident. They seem to have discorded their recent complicated sound experiments and returned to the style which made them so popular.

"Jumpin' Jack Flash - It's a gas!"

THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU -HERB ALPERT AND THE TIJUANA BRASS-****

Herb Alpert's first vocal effort and he has chosen a great number to start with. The song is aa beautiful one, with strong lyrics and a big orchestral backing. Herb's voice is adequate and he handles the lyrics with a good deal of feeling, even backing himself with some lilting trumpet work which adds atmosphere to the song. A big record in America and will be a hit here.

GOODNIGHT SWEET JOSEPHINE -THE YARDBIRDS -***

An unusual type of number for the Yardbirds but they do it well. Sing in a rollicking, sing-along style, they light-heartedly tell of good-time girl Josephine, who is loved by everyone. A fun record, it has little to recommend it musically except the guitar solo and the harmony, but deserves to be a hit.

BRING A LITTLE LOVIN' -LOS BRAVOS -**

Penned by the Easybeats, this is an average version of what would have been a rather pathetic song. The words have little to recommend the number, but its driving bass beat and fast tempo have provided the teeny-boppers with yet another party record. Just another record which adds nothing new to the pop scene, like their "Black is Black", about a year ago.

HELULE, HELULE -THE TREMELOES -***

Another great record by the Tremeloes who are one of the consistently good groups in England and one of the few groups who can sing together. Their new record is much in the same vein as Dave Dee's "Zabadak" but still retains its own original sound. Harmony is excellent, and the vocals and drumming constitute most of the song, which should be a hit.

ELSEWHERE

The Top Three Records Are

U.S.A.

1. Mrs. Robinson - Simon and Garfunkel
2. This Guy's In Love With You - Herb Alpert
3. Tighten Up - Archie Bell and The Drells.

U.K.

1. Young Girl - Union Gap
2. Honey - Bobby Goldsborough
3. Jumpin' Jack Flash - Rolling Stones

ADELAIDE

1. The unicorn- Bachelors, Irish Rovers
2. Lazy Sunday - Small Faces
3. Honey - Bobby Goldsborough

HANS

the
Little Norseman

Hans Wilhelm von August Schickellmillor-grouberstein, hereafter referred to as Hans for convenience, is the son of an upper middle-class suburban Norseman named Wolfgang Wilhelm osric von Remelheim Schickellmillor-groubernstein, hereafter referred to as Schickellmil for convenience. Like any other normal healthy six year-old Nordic boy Hans has sandy hair that reaches all the way down to his bare pink feet and covers up his little silver crash helmet: except of course for the long orange horns that serve to distinguish all upper middle-class suburban Norsemen from all other Norsemen and sundry peons, peasants, serfs, wops, triffids, clods, wogs, dopes etc. etc. This hair is a great asset to Hans because it cuts down on drycleaning bills and clothing expenses. It even keeps his feet warm on cold Nordic nights when the electric bearskin breaks down. At times however, Hans' hair can become a nuisance and he must keep it out of his eyes and mouth by using bobby pins or hitch it up so that it does not wind around his enormous feet and trip him up.

One day Hans saw that Daddy Schickellmil was making preparations to go to the supermarket and Hans decided that he would like to go. Hans had never been to a real super-market before so he asked his mother, whose name was Clarissa, if he could go to the supermarket with Daddy Schickellmil. Clarissa said that Hans would have to speak to his father about it. Hans knew very well what that meant so he stowed away in the stern of the family longship. It was an 898 Renjevik with white walled sheilds, black patent deer-skin soft-top and powered by 200 N.P.(Nordic Power) or in case of wind 4,983¾ squ. ft. of 100% genuine hand-woven synthetic wool sails. When Daddy Schickellmil came on board he stood in the bow beside the horrible dragon's head that kept away evil spirits and H.M. Customs Officers who look for evil spirits. Daddy Schickellmil always said that the head resembled his mother-in-law but whenever grandma came to visit Hans he said how nice she looked. Soon after they had reached the open sea Hans emerged from his hiding place and went to his father. When Daddy Schickellmil saw Hans he said that England, for that was the name of the big supermarket, was no place for little Norsemen and he would have to stay in the longship when they reached the shingled shores of England. "But Daddy Schickellmil," exclaimed Hans "I will be quite safe. I am wearing my special silver crash helmet with the Nylofoam lining guaranteed to be 9% more resilient and 6% less prone

to shattering from club contact. I also have my Polystyrene fibre-glass laminated club to protect me". "All right son you may come along but only if you promise not to attempt to bring back anything larger that yourself. Remember: a greedy Norseman never lives long".
"Yes Daddy".

As soon as they reached the silent English coast Hans leapt ashore and set out to do some shopping but everything that Hans saw around him was much bigger than a little six year-old Nordic boy. All he could see was a herd of brown cows, some lean pigs, two draft horses and then he spied some red hens that were smaller than himself. Hans was determined to take one of these hens home to Clarissa but every time that Hans tried to catch one of the hens it ran away so fast that Hans could not get close enough to use his new club. He was about to give up when he saw a nest containing the hens' eggs. Hans knew that mummy and daddy liked eggs so he crept very steathily up to the nest and found that the eggs did not run away. He kept in mind the words of advice given to him by his Daddy "Son, you must never trust an Englishman". Hans figured that the eggs were English and therefore untrustworthy. As a precaution against treachery Hans raised his Polystyrene-fibreglass laminated club high over his hairy head and brought it down with all the force he could muster from the rippling muscles in his arms. The eggs flew into a million pieces, scrambling their yellow yolks and lay in the nest never to move na'-more. Hans looked around for something in which to carry the eggs and he found an old plastic bucket half full of rich full-cream milk which came from the contented cows that Hans had scared away. Not wanting to waste the milk Hans put the scrambled eggs into the bucket and then went inside the farmhouse to look for more food. Inside Hans found a bottle of brandy and some rare spices which he added to the milk and eggs because he could not carry it all in his little hands. Back at the longship Daddy Schickellmil said that Hans was a very good boy and so he was he had made the world's first egg flip.

-oOo-

AS I SIT UPON MY STOOL

Brighton High, oh fair and radient school
I wonder at your beauty as I sit upon my stool,
Your lush green ovals full of holes,
Your tiny classes filled with dolls,
Your jovial masters round and neat
Like Mr. Bourman, most complete!

Alas, I hear the yonder bell
and as I leave my padded cell
I think again, with great mirth
Of rolling fields and dug up turf,
Of small canteens with horrid food,
And central heating for the nude.

"Hark" 3.B.

-oOo-

HIGH SCHOOLS IN NEW SOUTH WALES

The present system of secondary education in N.S.W. started in 1961, and consequently it is quite new. Because of its comparative "youth", this new system still has many flaws and many problems. In some ways it has created as many, if not more, problems as it claims to have solved.

Six years of secondary education are available to all students, who enrol in first year at an averaged 11. Students are encouraged to attend for at least the first four years, at the end of which they sit for their first public examination, the School Certificate Exam. These four years have been designed to serve two purposes. Firstly, they are intended to prepare the adolescent for future citizenship. Secondly, they are intended to enable the student to discover and develop his particular interests and abilities. The majority of students are supposed to leave school, schemetically, at the end of his four year course. The fact that only a minority leave is a serious problem at the present time.

The fourth and fifth years prepare the student for the Higher School Certificate Examination, which (exam) is also used as the Matriculation Examination. The courses in these final two years have been designed to prepare those students in the upper ability group for tertiary studies (not necessarily University). However, present day social pressures, parental ambitions and prespective employer demands force the majority of pupils to remain at school for the High School Certificate courses - in many cases doing Matriculation courses. It is sad to see students genuinely not able to cope with the demands of these courses being pushed through these two years. The fault lies with the material content of these courses and the attitude of society towards public examination results, because everyone has, or should have, the right to attend school for as long as he or she wants to do so.

In order to obtain the School Certificate the student must sit for, and pass, the following subjects at a public examination - English, Mathematics, Science, History or Geography or a language (Latin, French, German). The more able students usually take six subjects, whilst the less able take five. In addition students must reach a satisfactory standard in Physical education and art or music. One of the last two subjects may be taken as an examination subject. The School Principal must certify to the Education Department, that each student has completed satisfactory coursed in their 'elective' s subjects, otherwise the School certificate will not be awarded. In fact the Principal has power to recommend that a student be barred from sitting for any subject(s) in both examinations if that student has not made satisfactory progress during the year(s). This is a very 'handy weapon' for the classroom teacher, especially for Higher School Certificate candidates.

In order to obtain a High School Certificate, only one has to be passed; however, matriculation requirements, at the moment the source of bitter controversy, are much the same as these here.

One of the two basic assumptions on which this system is based is that a student should study a subject at a depth or level according to his ability and enterest. For this reason each subject is divided into Ordinary, Credit and Advanced levels (for School Certifacate Courses) and Third, Second and First Levels for High School Certificate courses. The differences between these levels many are subject to alteration. Two School Certificate examples will illustrate this point. A student good at languages but not very able or interested in science amd mathematics will take English and modern languages at Advanced level. A student who is of average ability would take all subjects or all but one at Credit level, the odd subject being taken at Ordinary level. The main problem which arises from this is that of assessing a student's ability and interest in a particular subject so that he can be "guided" to do the appropriate level. The fundamental problem is the question of who has the final decision in assigning a student to a particular level in any subject.

In theory this system is a very good one - in practice, at the moment, it is in danger of collapse.

W. W. Remeljej.

-oOo-

BLOKE OF THE MONTH.

NAME: Peter Ware
AGE: - Old Enough!
BORN: Upside Down
INTENDED OCCUPATION: Civil Engineer.
PROBABLE OCCUPATION: Uncivil Engineer
LIKES: Soul music, The Wizard of Id, People, Variety.
DISLIKES: "Hymns We Love", The canteen's magazine, Buddy Overstreet, Cold feet, Aggressive jellyfish.
MOTTO: Never do nothing, because nothing's not worth doing.
COMMENTS: Could the staff leave their cars out of sight, as the school grounds are looking increasingly like a wrecker's junk yard, attracting the attention of scrap metal buyers. P.S. Clark's shoes are gas for school.

-oOo-

TEACHER OF THE MONTH

OR "YOIKS TALLYHO" IN THE BLACK FOREST

The London School of Heraldry recently completed a hair-raising lineage. A nameless, but nonetheless infamous, German pirate of the Spanish Main, reputedly abducted from the West Indies a beauteous Spanish maid. After much fun and games on the High Seas, the couple sought the shelter and seclusion of Germany's Black Forest, where the ex-pirate's amouratory nature earned for him a large family and the title Baron von Kuss - Han of the Kiss.

As generation succeeded generation the Black Forest became more than somewhat overcrowded; one branch of this overgrown family tree, detached itself and emigrated to South Australia, finally lodging itself in the agricultural fastness of the colony's primitive Lower Northeast. From such humble beginnings comes our Teacher of the Month.

Dumkoff Fiegelstein Kuss, later abbreviated to Douglas Frank because of spelling difficulties, and still later to D.F.K. grew up among the agricultural glories of Springbank. Showing more academic aspirations than agricultural abilities, he soon found himself at Adelaide High School where he one day decided that Bow ties and Boaters were more fashionable than school caps and convertional ties. The result was a mass migration of senior boys into Adelaide's middle distance and their subsequent return wearing Bow ties and Boaters, much to the Head's amazement and consternation. After passing through the High School he found himself at Adelaide University and Teacher's College, where his traing as a teacher was accomplished in any spare time available from far more Dramatic and Entertaining persuits to which he devoted his main energies to the family business, keeping in touch academiclally meanwhile by lecturing at the School of Mines, now known as the Institute of Technology. After twelve years of 'legalized priracy in the business world' he retired gracefully from active management of the business. His retirement was short lived; the call of his first love - teaching - was too great and he returned to the Department in an effort to add joy and adventure to the Education of Brighton High School students.

ED'S NOTE: Our German - English dictionary does indeed list Kuss to mean Kiss, bearing out findings of the London College of Heraldry.

STAFF PERSONALITIES

NAME: Mrs. Biddle
AGE: Forty-odd Years - very odd years!
BORN: Just before the depression - but the world recovered in a year or so.
EDUCATED: Adelaide High School - in the good old days when the boys were at Grote Street too.
MARITAL STATUS: I won him in a raffle - you can be lucky you know.
VIEWS ON SAME: A worthy old custom.
AMBITIONS: 1. To be slender, willowy or just plain skinny.
2. To convert somebody to like Mathematics.
3. To find, one morning, that everyone has done his or her homework. It nearly happened once.
VIEWS ON TEACHING AS A PROFESSION: If you don't mind underpayment for overwork, it may be your cup of tea. If it is your cup of tea it is full of great and rare rewards.
VIEWS ON STUDENTS: I can understand sometimes when they riot(e.g. France) but can't help wondering if they really could do a better job than their befuddled elders.
LIKES: Spanish dancers, rain after drought, diffing potatoes, "Zorba The Greek", mongrel dogs, Peter, Paul and Mary, Norwoods (help!!), dressmaking, my husband, my cleaning lady and most of my pupils.
DISLIKES: Grand Opera, times when I can't stop blushing, seed cake cold showers, housework, loud voiced women, feminists, my shape and what we are doing in Vietnam.
MOTTO: "Ladies, Ladies! No violence please".

NAME: Mrs. Zueff
AGE: In the thirties.
BORN: In the thirties.
EDUCATED: South Australian schools.
MARTIAL STATUS: Married
VIEWS ON SAME: A worthy old custom.
AMBITIONS: To have every student do art for some time in his or her school life and to catch boys who leave paint jars full of dirty water in the art room desks.
LIKES: Bright colours, holidays, imaginative and creative kids, films, gardening, sitting and thinking.
DISLIKES: Facetious people, spiders, intelluctual snobs, emerald green and oysters.

NAME: Mrs. Polya
AGE: 21 a woman never gets older than that
BORN: Two months premature, hence the stunted growth.
EDUCATED: Perhaps - a little doubtful at times however.
MARITAL STATUS: Single (wishful thinking).
VIEWS ON SAME: 1. If husbands did housework then marriage would be O.K.
2. If wives didn't work then marriage would be O.K.
LIKES: Food, drink and bed.
DISLIKES: Getting up, the world including little kids.
MOTTO: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die".

Dear Editor,

I thort I wood drop you another line. It has been raining a lot up here in Balaklava lately, and the waterhole has become quite large. My father has decided that it is time I learnt to swim. Again. My first lesson was when I was 4 years old and my father took me out fishing he threw me out of the boat, into the water. It was a terrible struggle trying to get back into the boat. The hardest part was untying the sack I was in. My father showed how fond of me by the expensive sack he used. And the bottom half was full of good cement. I still didn't learn to swim properly. My father then decided to teach me diving. After a couple of dives I learnt what he called the Canine Crawl, I think thats what it was. Anyhow my diving lessons went very well, although my uncle had to fish me out with a landing net a couple of times. The first dive I learnt was something called a diaphragm upsetter. My uncle called it a belly flop. He's rather common though. After a few of those my father said it wouldn't hurt so much if I entered the water head first, so I did my first real dive. This one is called a Cranium Cracker. They hurt too.

The next dive was a swallow dive. I drunk about three pints every time. I was supposed to hold my arms out stretched but I couldn't hold my nose too so I gave up them. My father doesn't think I will be a very good diver. It's too cold anyhow. I am being very good at school. My spelling has improved very much, Mr. Kingsley says I will sign off now. That is the correct way to end a letter, Mr. Kingsley says.

Yours faithfully,
Thomas.

-oOo-

BIRTHDAY GIRL OF THE MONTH

For our GIRL OF THE MONTH this month we have chosen one of the typists. This is the girl who is responsible for all the mistakes in the Bright'n'Early. We have chosen her because of this and also because it is her birthday in two days time.

Many happy returns of the day.

NAME: Pamela Walker.

AGE: Ayear older in two days.

BORN: Free.

SEX: Good question.

MEASUREMENTS: Somewhere.

EDUCATED: In the newspaper.

LIKES: Tall boys with black hair, arguing, Frog cakes, chocolate biscuits, Lacross, spending money.

DISLIKES: Obviously handsome boys, Ski jumpers, Yellow brollies eating Frog cakes

-oOo-

HOW TO BE SMART

The following has been painstakingly prepared by our far-ranging research and survey staff member from a multitude of carefully organised facts he has collected for this article.

Contrary to our usual policy and all kidding aside, this is going to be a very useful and serious article. All kidding aside.

Many people are under the impression that the world is a dumb place and there aren't many people who are smart around nowadays. To foolishly say whether there are lots of those dumb people will not be the purpose of this article. To help all those millions of dumb people will be the purpose of this article, and with smartness in the minority, let's face it..... you are probably one of 'those'. Especially since you're reading this Bright n Early. However, cheer up. You too can be smart, It's easy.

For instance, what makes a person smart? Is it because you think you're smart? Naaah! Everyone thinks they're smart. Other people think you're smart..... when they see you passing and say "He looks smart" and throw rocks. The point is, its how you look that makes you smart. In the remaining few lines I will show you how you can look smart and act so that everyone will think you are smart, making you in effect, smart.

'Make me smart in a couple of minutes', you say, 'Ridiculous'

See, I hasten to point out, you are getting smart already. The first thing to do is look smart. hat a good education accomplishes in years, a well chosen adornment can do in minutes.
If the loutish look is yours, the condition can be reversed by the use of plain black glass (glass not necessary). With heavy black glasses, a loutish looking clod becomes an intelligent looking clod. If the mob you hang around with all look the same - pretty bad - you can reverse the situation by growing a beard or perhaps a third eye. At this the scummy crowd will eject you because you are smart. To sum up the main thing in looking smart is to look different.

The next thing is to act smart. The same rule applies. Act differently. As soon as a person sees someone acting different to everyone else, he says "He acts smart", once again making you, in effect, smart. Sitting is important in standing out. Outstanding sitting will sit you in good standing.....er..forget it. The thing is avoid chairs. Fling yourself on the floor in a graceful posture. There is nothing as smart looking as a flinged figure that is gracefully flung. The golden rule still applies, though. If everyone is seated on the floor, pull up a chair.

Talk smart. Remember, carefully chosen words make a meaningless conversation an intelligent meaningless conversation. Think up some smart words. It will help make you smart, if anything will.

A very important thing to do is to develop a withering sheen. Practice this sheen. Use it on your friends. Use it whenever they mention something which 'those' people are interested in. See how the ordinary people treat your new found smartness.

To sum up, to be smart, be different. If people in the canteen ask for beef rolls, have a beef sandwich. If they queue up for something, start your own line. Remember, you are better than they are. If they talk about Adelaide, tell them about Siberia. If they happen to be worldly, tell them you are a Martian. They will be very impressed if you tell them you are a Martian.

Finally..... if after reading this article you are satisfied to remain amongst the ordinary dumb peasants, amonst 'those; don't to making fun of every person who is different or acts like a Martian. Be grateful. Remember - there's one thing about a smart person - it could be you.

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BRIGHTON SECONDARY SCHOOL

"Fac omnia bene"
"Do all things well"